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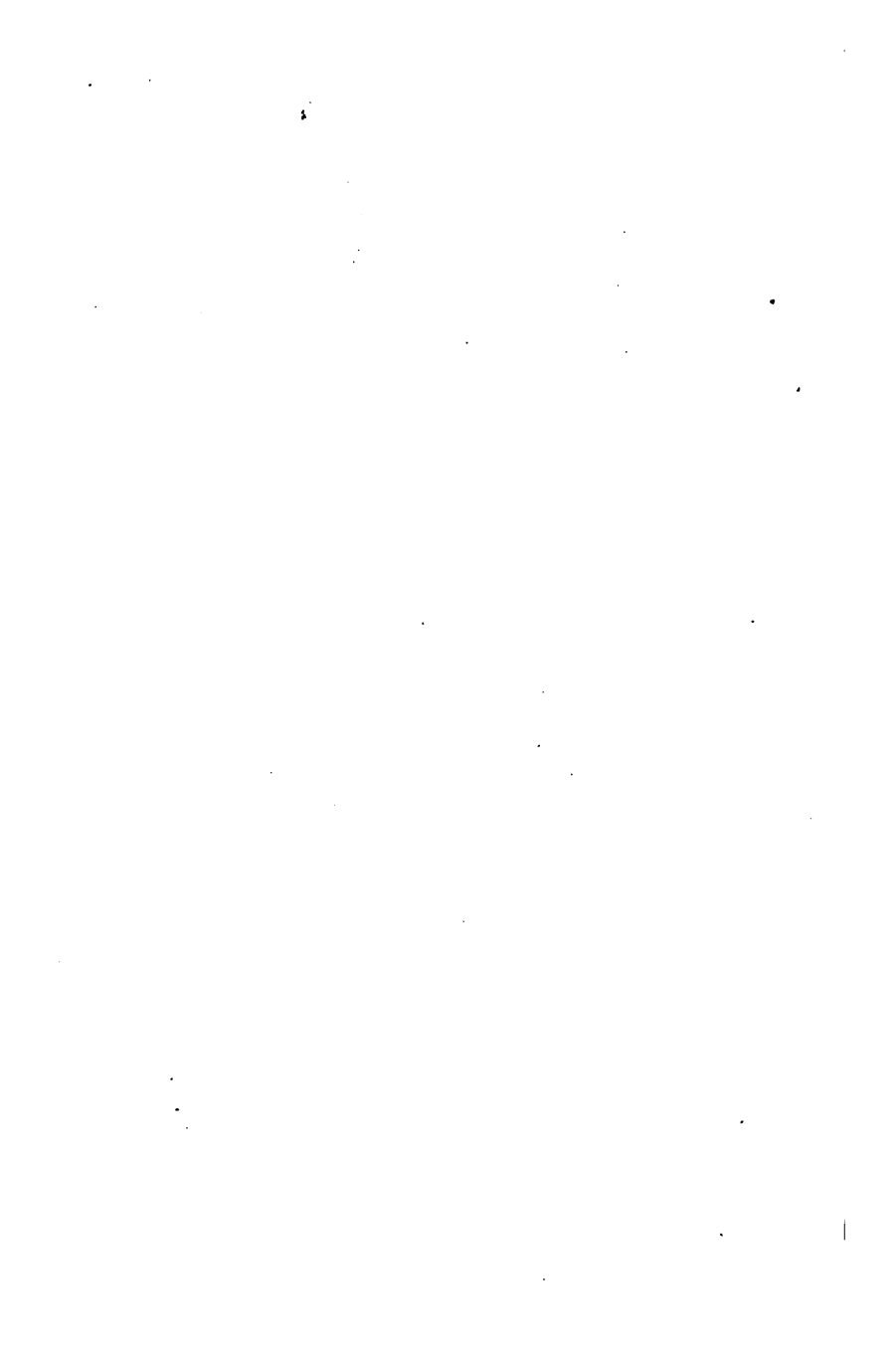
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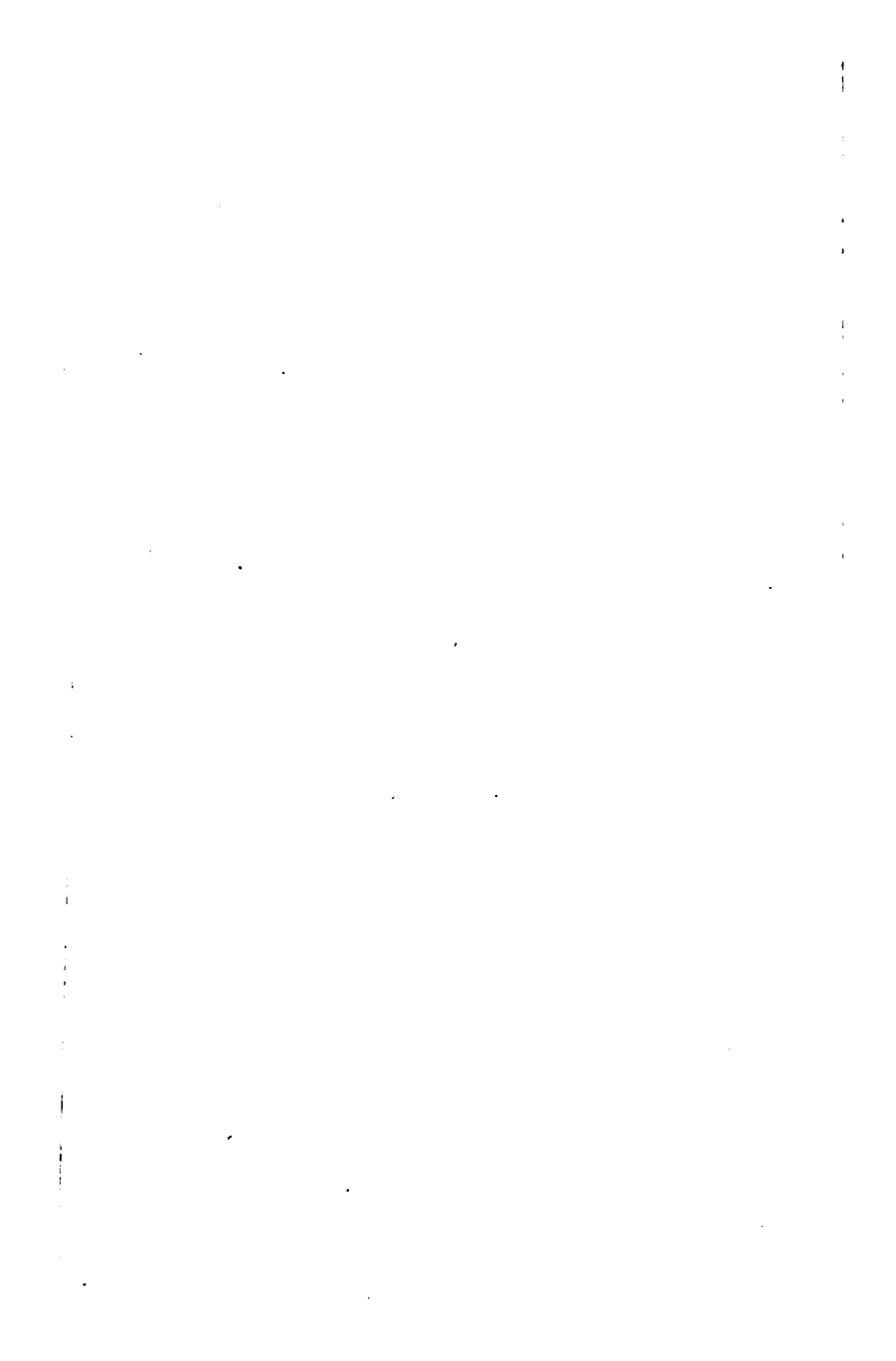
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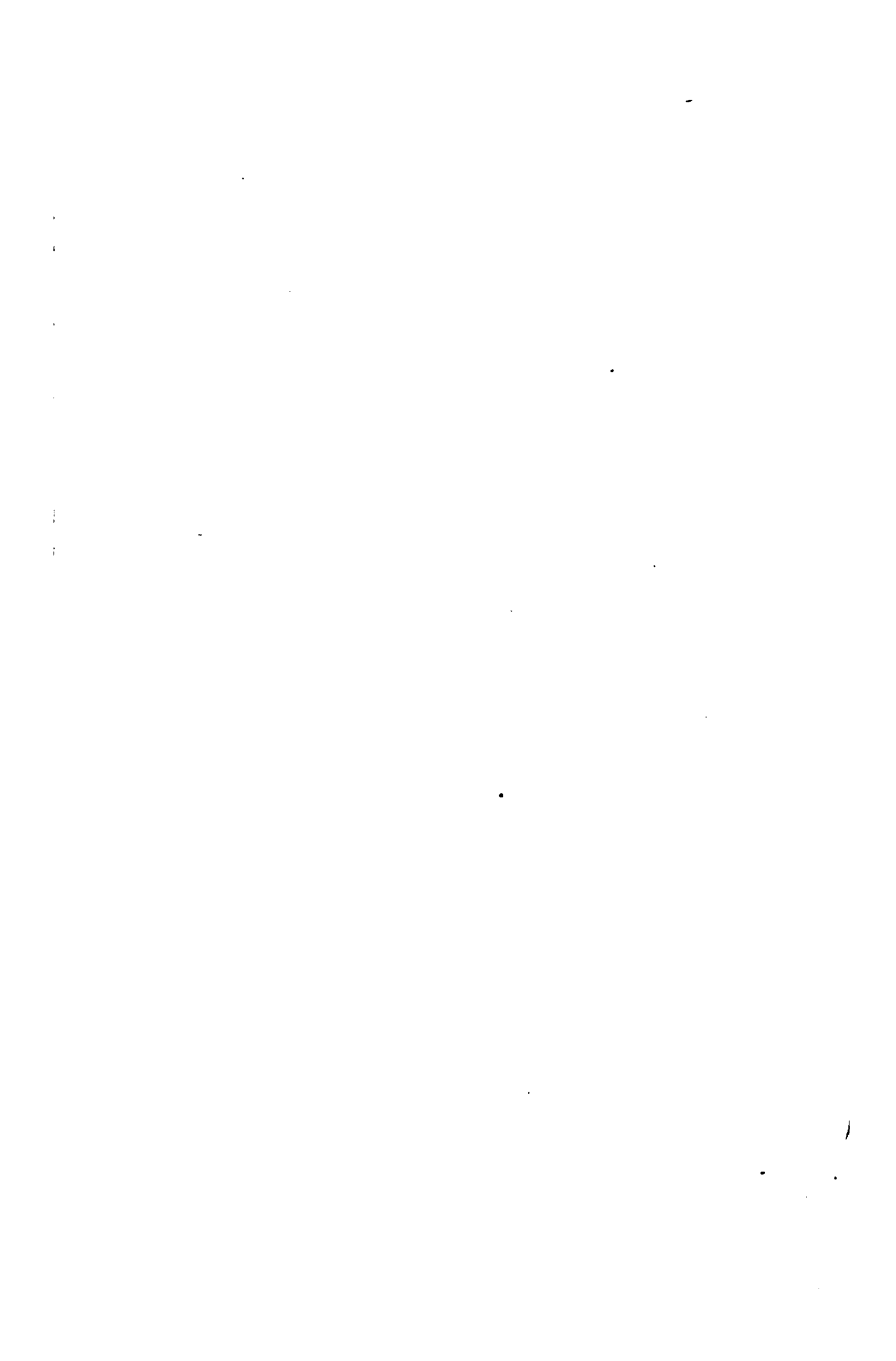


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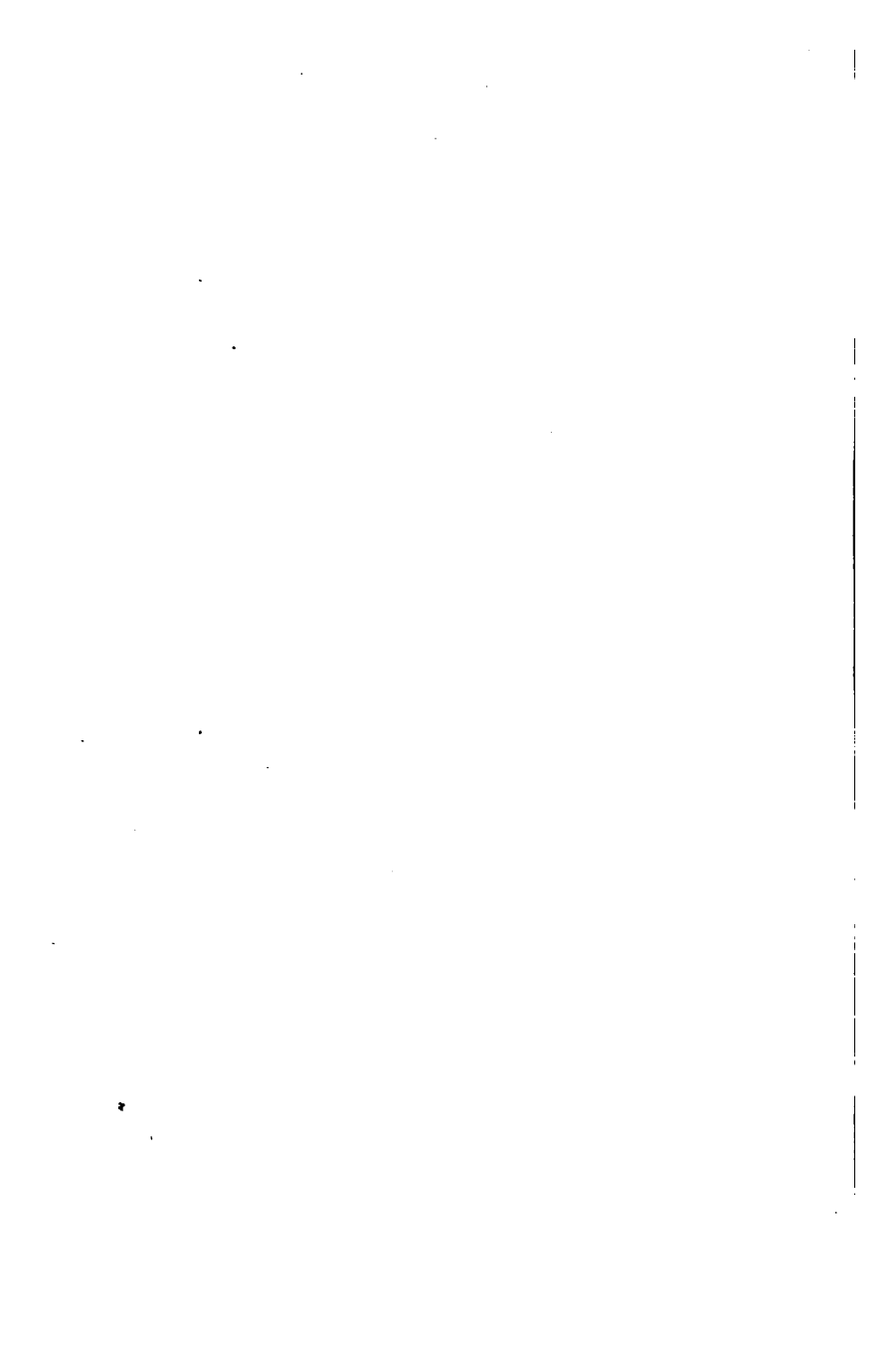


















*Larkin Dunton*

MEMORY OF

DUNTON

1800-1899

AT THE

NEW YORK

LIBRARY

BOSTON

OF PRIVATE CIRCULATION

MDCCCC



*Portrait of Larkin Dunton, 1875*

*Larkin Dunton*

*Larkin Dunton*

SERVICE IN MEMORY OF  
LARKIN DUNTON

[1828 - 1899]

HELD AT THE  
BOSTON-NORMAL SCHOOL  
APRIL 28, 1900 .

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## Introduction

**T**HOSE of us whose great privilege it was to attend the service recorded in this little volume will rejoice that others are, in a sense, to share the memory of that service with us. We wish that it were possible to perpetuate, not merely the words that were spoken, but the complete beauty of that touching memorial. As we entered the old school hall, where we had so often sat at the feet of our dear master, we were greeted by the grave, kind eyes of the noble portrait which it had been our privilege to secure in the days when his strength was as yet unimpaired. The portrait had been placed upon the platform where he had sat to teach us; and all around it in great profusion bloomed the flowers that he had loved. The room was sweet with their fragrance and hushed by the solemn notes of Handel's "Largo." Those of us who were there can hardly read the pages that follow without seeming to see again the beloved face with the flowers about it, and to hear again the deep tones of the 'cello, the sweet voice of the young singer, and the strains of the dear, familiar hymns. Almost all who took part in the service, and almost all who share in it for the first time through these pages, remember Dr. Dunton's love for "Fountain of Light." Year after

year at graduations and reunions we have sung that hymn because he loved it. And all will care to know that Mendelssohn's "Consolation," played by the 'cello, was also very dear to Dr. Dunton; night after night during the last months of his life he asked for it and listened to it before he fell asleep.

Those of us who knew him best had often occasion to mark that although he had not received especial training in music and art and literature, and never made any pretension to a large knowledge of those subjects, it was always the best they had to offer that he most cared for. It was characteristic that the noble measures of "Fountain of Light" — adapted from a great Haydn symphony — should have appealed to him so strongly. His old pupils will never forget the deep feeling with which he always spoke of Raphael's Sistine Madonna and of the hours that he had spent in Dresden sitting reverently before it. It was my especial privilege to spend many hours in reading poetry with him, because of some work for children which we were planning together. I would pass one poem after another to him and wait for his decision as to its value to "the little folks," as he so loved to call them. His pleasure in what he read was beautiful to see; sometimes it was positive delight. When the melody of the poem especially pleased him, or when the glimpses of nature brought back the dear experiences of his own boyhood, he would



read aloud with an almost boyish joy. I shall never forget submitting to him a little poem of William Blake's called "Infant Joy." He read it aloud, exclaiming, with that never-to-be-forgotten light in his eyes, "Beautiful, beautiful!" I once heard him say that in his boyhood, attracted by its wonderful splendor and dignity, he had committed to memory chapter after chapter of the book of the Revelation. This quiet but profound love of the beautiful balanced the keen, logical quality of his mind and gave a proportion to his whole nature which we all recognized and which was one of his greatest sources of strength. Indeed, the balance and proportion of Dr. Dunton's nature impressed very deeply those who knew him best. To those who knew him but slightly it may have seemed that some one phase of his character—because of its conspicuous strength—was disproportionate to the rest. Those who discussed educational problems with him felt his intellectual grasp and the force of his relentless logic; those who opposed him and those who toiled in sympathy with him for the realization of some great professional reform—such as tenure of office for teachers—recognized his strong will, unconquerable by difficulty or defeat; those who came to him in trouble found him as tender-hearted as a woman. The clear intellect, the tender heart, the indomitable will,—these made the complete man.

In the pages that follow we shall find again and again that what we would have said has been said for us. Here we shall find the profound gratitude which so many of us feel expressed by one of the younger graduates, Miss Clark, of the class of '92 ; and the closer relation, natural and possible between teacher and pupils when the school was small, recalled by Mrs. Rand, of the class of '74. Here, too, we have in Mr. Boyden's address a glimpse of Dr. Dunton's earlier life—a glimpse so touching and inspiring that we wish it were possible to know more of those early, significant years. Here, too, we may see what Dr. Dunton was to the men and women with whom he was associated in the larger educational interests. Mr. Seaver, as superintendent of schools, Mr. Martin, as supervisor of the Normal School, Dr. Courtney, as chairman of the special committee on the school, Dr. Tetlow and Mr. Lincoln, representing the high schools from which the Normal School draws its pupils, Mr. Owen, representing the grammar schools, and Miss Moses the corps of teachers in the Normal School itself, here speak of the many qualities which made his life and work so strong and beautiful. The voice that could have spoken most adequately of Dr. Dunton's own inner life has long been silent. The friendship between Dr. Dunton and Delwin A. Hamlin was peculiarly close and beautiful. Trained in the same arduous

school of life ; graduates of the same college ; associated in the same daily work ; neighbors ; constant companions in reading, study, and thought ; agreeing, and differing, and always respecting each other's opinion ; they were bound together as few men are.

Beautiful and complete as is the expression of respect and gratitude and love found in these pages, I doubt not that many will think of some phase of Dr. Dunton's character or of some especial cause for grateful memories that has not found utterance here. It is good to have it so ; it is sweet to think that although these spoke for all, each of us has her own peculiar share of sorrow at his death, of gratitude for the strength and beauty of his life. To some of us the first conception of what teaching really is came through him ; for some of us the meaning and duty of intellectual honesty was first made clear by him ; to some of us came, as we listened and learned, a truer philosophy of life. It is for this last, I am sure, that not a few of us would most earnestly thank him. Life never seemed so full of large responsibility, so crowded with great opportunity, as when he spoke to us of it ; his profound belief in the freedom of the will, the absolute democracy of his point of view, and his great faith in the possibilities of human nature made us feel that we were in very truth building our own lives. But his entire lack of any morbid quality, his sanity, and his

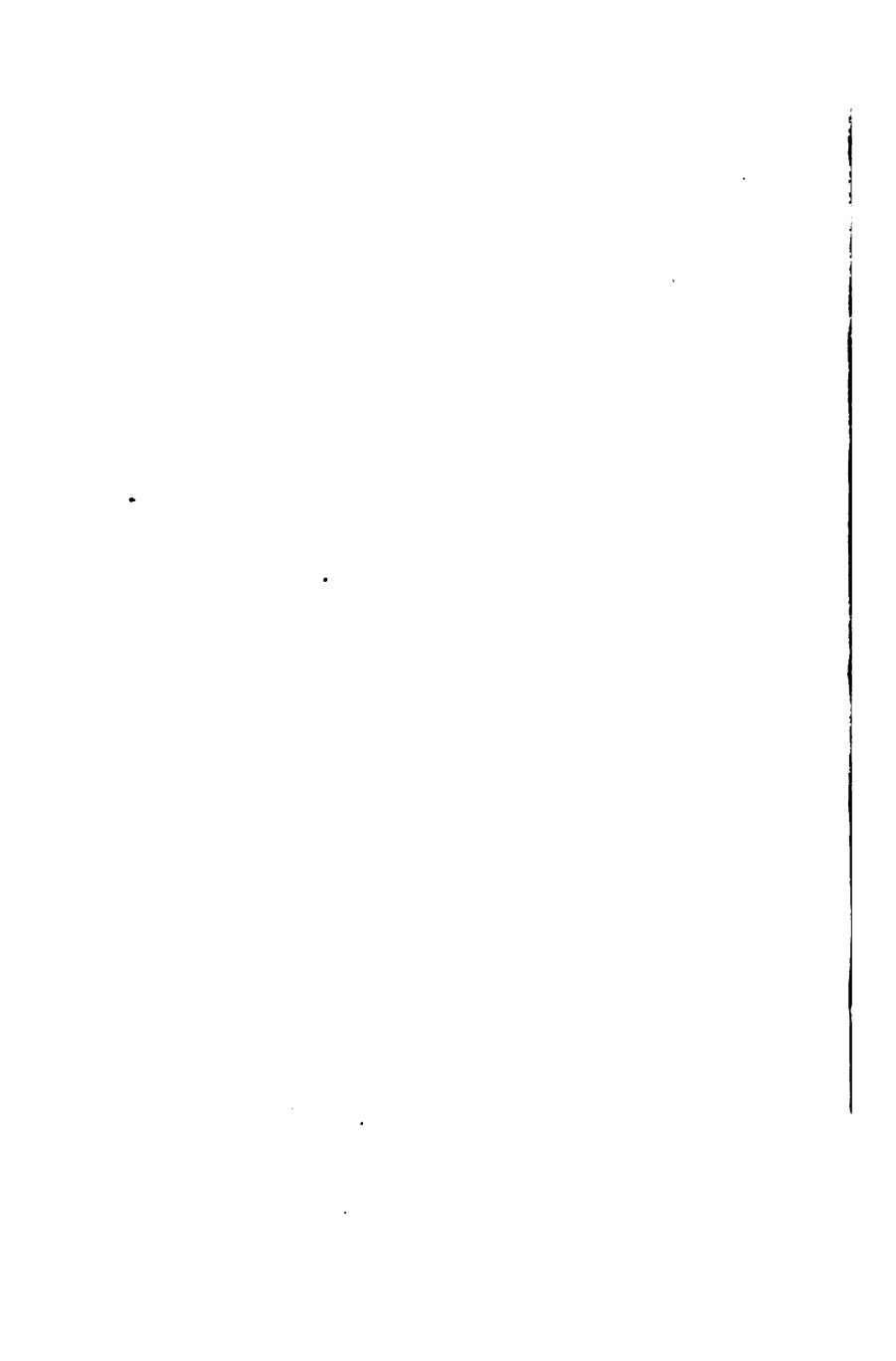
humor saved many an over-sensitive girl from being crushed by the very sense of responsibility which his own words had aroused. As we talked and thought and worked with him, the responsibility and the joy of living filled our hearts. And they filled his heart as well. Life, indeed, meant labor and struggle and occasional defeat; but above all, it meant constantly enlarging opportunity and ever-deepening joy.

In the hymns which formed a part of the service we may find—in words that he loved—a confession of Dr. Dunton's own faith. It was not merely the music of these hymns that endeared them to him; here a soul, humble, reverent, religious in the truest sense, found expression for its faith. You will see, as you read, that each of these hymns, although in varying degree, recognizes the doubts, the "long shadows," that are the portion of many great and honest souls here. But behind the shadow the light shone; and as death drew near, that "light that hath no shade" illumined his soul and shone out in his face. . . .

As we recall the years of our friendship with him, many memories come, over which we love to linger. We see him in the classroom, keen, earnest, almost severe, and then suddenly transformed by some touch of sympathy or flash of humor. We recall him with some little child on his knee, brought perhaps by its proud mother to be shown to her old

teacher, his face all alive with delighted appreciation and friendliness. Some of us knew his fatherly sympathy when we ourselves were in the glow of some new happiness or the shadow of some great sorrow. We shall never forget him in his own home, surrounded by happy girl graduates, to whom year after year he and his wife offered this charming hospitality, which gave the crowning touch to a day already full of sweet significance to a girl's heart. We remember him, too, silent under some sorrow of his own; broken with grief, but never embittered by it. Let us think of him most often as we saw him after some long separation, his hand outstretched to grasp ours, his eyes smiling in welcome.

KATHARINE H. SHUTE.



## Service

### MUSIC

*Violoncello Solo. "Largo" Handel*  
*Mr. Wulf Fries*

*Hymn "Fountain of Light"*

*Fountain of light and living breath,  
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,  
Fill us with life that hath no death,  
Fill us with light that hath no shade;  
Appoint the remnant of our days  
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.*

*Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,  
Into whose secrets none can dive,  
Whose mercies none can apprehend,  
Whose justice none can feel, and live;  
What our dull hearts cannot aspire  
To know — Lord, teach us to admire.*

### ADDRESS BY

MR. WALLACE C. BOYDEN

We meet here to-day, not simply to mourn the loss of our dear friend and teacher, Dr. Dunton, but to recall once more his strong manhood, his wise counsel and leadership, his large-hearted and sympathetic love, his self-

sacrificing devotion; to congratulate ourselves that our lives were brought into such close contact with his noble life; and to reconsecrate ourselves to the profession which he so honored and loved, and which he often characterized as doing the noblest work given by God to man to do. He was our beloved teacher and friend; this will he continue to be, and his memory will serve as an inspiration to noble thought, kindly act, and earnest endeavor.

A number of his friends and co-laborers will speak to us this afternoon of the different phases of his character which have been presented in this rich and well-rounded life. It is my privilege to sketch very briefly the story of his life.

Larkin Dunton was born in Concord, Maine, July 22, 1828, in a log cabin back in the woods twelve miles from the end of the stage route. In accordance with the custom in frontier life, as soon as he was able to use a tool he took his place regularly with the other workers on the farm, and continued to contribute his full share to the support of the family until he was nineteen years of age. Time will not permit of even the simple enumeration of the different sorts of manual exercise which he performed as a boy; but I am sure that could you read such a list, you would be surprised at the number and variety of the things which he did during these years.



He says himself, "I did not assist in making the log cabin in which I was born; I found that ready for my occupancy on my first entrance into society. Almost every other luxury that I enjoyed for the nineteen years that I spent on the farm I assisted in producing." Endowed by nature with a strong physique and robust health, this severe enforced labor in the exhilarating air of the Maine woods laid a foundation of physical vigor sufficient to meet the demands of a long life filled with unremitting hard work — it did more: it taught him the value of careful preparation, and the necessity of clearly seeing the end to be accomplished before one enters upon any undertaking; it trained him into habits of rapid and exact action, into habits of frugality and industry.

But there was another side to this life. He early showed an intense love for books and study; every book which he could obtain he read and reread by the light of the open fire, and longed for more. The few days on which he could attend school were to him what holidays are to the children of to-day.

The story of the first book which he owned is full of pathos, and gives us a glimpse of the home conditions. After the mowing was finished in the summer there were left a few spears of grass here and there around the stumps, rocks, and fences; from these he carefully culled the seeds into a cup; this seed

he could sell for two cents a pint. By this laborious process he finally secured enough money to buy the book, which cost, if I remember rightly, one dollar and forty cents; and as he told me the story there was in his voice the echo of the pride which he felt as a boy as he walked home with the book under his arm.

There was a definite understanding in those days that a son's time belonged to his father till he was twenty-one. Dr. Dunton could not wait till that time, so strong had his desire for learning become. He entered a school in Farmington at the age of nineteen, subsequently paying his father in money for the two years which he had taken to himself. He fitted for college at Hallowell Academy, where he was assistant teacher much of this time. Throughout his life he spoke with the greatest affection and interest of his old Hallowell teacher, Mr. Withington, — "He was not a great scholar, but I never knew a man who could so inspire his pupils with a love for study. 'Is n't it beautiful?' he would exclaim when we had mastered a difficult subject, and we all agreed that it was." May we not believe that right here were firmly established in his life those characteristic qualities of the Doctor, love for truth, admiration for true manhood, and delight in mastering difficulties? He was graduated in 1855 from Waterville College, now Colby College, where he paid his way by teaching,

and by such other work as he could obtain. He taught one term each in Windsor, Solon, and Damariscotta, two terms in Rumford, and three terms in the outlying districts of Bath, before completing his college course.

Although he had left his home and was now thrown entirely on his own resources, yet at regular intervals all through his academy and college course he turned his steps toward home and mother, riding in the stage as far as it would carry him, and then walking the remaining twelve miles. As he mounted to the crest of the last hill, he has often told me, and looked ahead, he could always see his mother standing in front of the little house on the lookout for him. For more than thirty years, till the day of her death, he never failed to make his annual visit to her in that humble home. His strong principle, upright life, and ready sympathy for the feeble and needy were but the natural expression of a deeply tender and affectionate nature.

After leaving college he studied law, was admitted to the Kennebec bar at Augusta, and served as trial justice in Waterville. He also taught one term as principal of the Hallowell High School, two terms as assistant in the Bath High School, two years as principal of the Lincoln Academy, and seven and a half years as principal of the Bath High School. "Soon after I was elected principal of the Bath High School," he once said, "I found

teaching so very delightful that I decided to abandon law and make teaching my life-work." In 1867 he came to Boston as sub-master of the Lawrence School, and was appointed master of the school in the spring of 1868. In 1872, when the Normal School was made a separate institution, he was appointed its first head master, which position he has held for twenty-seven years, till September 1, 1899. This school has been his real life-work, and it stands to-day as his fitting monument. The story of these years is familiar to you. You know how he has constantly raised the standard of work in the school, always keeping it in the forefront of progress; how he has had to defend its very life, which he did with signal ability; how he has taken an active interest and part in the various educational associations, both national and local, and in whatever tended to elevate the educational ideals and improve the conditions of the teaching profession. These and many more things which time will not permit me to mention have entered into this rich, active, and successful life. An earnest student and clear thinker, an affectionate husband and father, a good citizen and successful business man, a genial companion and wise counsellor, an inspiring teacher and loyal friend, Dr. Dunton will always stand as a stalwart and leading figure in the history of this school, and in the educational life of the city of Boston.

LETTER FROM  
DR. JOHN TETLOW

*My dear Mr. Boyden :*

I deeply regret that a previous imperative engagement has made it impossible for me to be present at the service to be held in memory of Dr. Dunton; and I gladly avail myself of your kind invitation to send a few words in writing as an expression of the high regard in which I held him.

One of the earliest and best-remembered experiences connected with my appointment to the head-mastership of the Girls' High School was a conference that I had with Dr. Dunton, at his request, on the practical interpretation to be put on that provision in the regulations of the School Board which makes the recommendation of the head masters of the high schools necessary for the admission of their graduates to the Normal School. I learned at that conference how solicitous he was that those who were to be trained to become teachers in the primary and grammar schools of the city should have, as a foundation for such training, the best possible equipment, in character, aptitude, and scholarship, for their future work. During our subsequent acquaintance there were at least two occasions, separated by considerable intervals of time, on which the existence of the Boston Normal School was imperiled, not counting the comparatively recent

movement for its absorption in a metropolitan normal school. On these occasions I was merely an interested observer and not an active participant in the struggle to which the hostile legislation that was threatened gave rise ; and perhaps I give the strongest testimony that I can offer to Dr. Dunton's fitness for educational leadership when I say that his masterly presentation of the arguments which demonstrate that the Normal School is an integral, and therefore an indispensable, part of the city school system, saved the school.

It is no disparagement to the teachers associated with Dr. Dunton, many of whom he trained, and most, if not all, of whom he selected, or to the school authorities under whose direction he worked, to say that the Boston Normal School, as it now exists, is largely his creation, as it is also his most fitting monument. Much as he owed to the loyal, intelligent, and efficient co-operation, and doubtless, too, to the wise original suggestions, of his teachers, and greatly as he was aided by the hearty support of the school authorities, I believe that both these classes of his helpers would be among the foremost to acknowledge his rightful claim to leadership.

I do not know what changes in organization, in conditions of admission, in curriculum, or in ideals, may take place in the Normal School under your administration, which has begun under the influence of the best traditions of

the past. Doubtless there will be such changes. But I am sure you will believe with me that, in initiating in your own behalf, or in accepting at the suggestion of others, such changes as sound progress in educational thought and practice may make desirable, you will be making no break with the past, but will be following the example and acting in the spirit of your honored predecessor.

With best wishes for the school, yourself, and the teachers associated with you, I am

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN TETLOW.

BOSTON, *April 23, 1900.*

POEM BY  
PHEBE ANGELIQUE DELANDE  
CLASS OF 1890

We cull the flowers of memory,  
Love's dewy offering sweet,  
And lay them in humility,  
Dear Master, at thy feet.

Not lapse of time, nor change of place,  
Nor care's corroding strife,  
Can ever from our souls efface  
The lessons of thy life.

And though thy steps have turned aside  
More glorious paths to seek,

Still doth thine influence abide,  
O spirit strong and meek !

An influence that hath no end,  
Like ripples on the sea,  
Whose widening circles shall extend  
On to eternity.

## MUSIC

*Solo. "To the Angels" Zardo*  
*(with Violoncello obligato)*  
*Miss Gertrude Newman*

## ADDRESS BY MR. EDWIN P. SEAVER

The life-work of Larkin Dunton has left traces broad and deep upon the public schools of this city.

The first head master of the Boston Normal School ; holding this great office for more than a quarter of a century ; inspiring and guiding hundreds of young women in their preparation for teaching and in their early practice of that profession ; expounding and defending the principles that underlie normal instruction and justify the existence of normal schools ; beginning with his particular normal school when it was but a feeble and unfavored offshoot of the Girls' High School ; step by step establishing



it in the confidence of the School Committee and of the community ; protecting it on critical occasions against the assaults of powerful adversaries ; fostering its growth ; enlarging the scope of its work ; and raising the professional character of its graduates to a high standard ; — he has left this school, now, as we hope, firmly established as an indispensable part of our school system, a fitting monument to his memory as an educator. The man and the institution are most intimately associated. We do not think of the Boston Normal School without at once remembering Dr. Dunton, nor of him often without reference to the school he lived for and loved so well. This is neither the time nor place for me to attempt a full analysis and estimate of Dr. Dunton's character as a man and as a teacher. I can only speak briefly of two qualities in the man which have impressed me most and have long held my personal regard for him, — his steadfastness and his sincerity.

His steadfastness was manifested both in thought and in action. When he had once carefully reasoned his way to a conviction and had taken his stand upon it as a basis for action no ordinary considerations could move him. He stood as one who had looked the ground all over and had chosen the best position from which to act ; and his associates could depend on finding him constantly there. Whether he was acting with you or against you, you al-

ways knew just where and how you would find him.

In the realm of thought and philosophical speculation this steadfastness of his made him by nature a conservative. I once heard him publicly describe himself as a conservative, frankly opposed to much of the new and crude educational thought of the day. Opinions with him were serious matters, not to be adopted lightly, nor lightly set aside. New opinions must exhibit credentials, justify themselves in reason, and recommend themselves in action. Conclusions based on careful reasoning were not to be upset save by reasoning more careful and more cogent.

He has been criticised as an opponent of the new psychology, as it is called. Perhaps it would be more just to represent him not as an opponent, but as a doubter or inquirer asking for proofs. He stood by the older introspective psychology, while exploring the newer to learn if it possessed superior claims to acceptance. He was unwilling to leave one stepping-stone of thought until he was sure of his footing on the next. No theory, however fascinating, could tempt him to brush aside in an hour the accumulated thought of centuries.

I have coupled with Dr. Dunton's steadfastness of character his sincerity. This especially it was which made personal relations with him so satisfactory. Of this I could bring many illustrations out of a personal acquaintance and

warm friendship which lasted between us undisturbed for twenty-five years. Often have we been obliged to take opposing views of the same policy ; often have we been placed in relations that might, with some men, easily have passed into mutual distrust or hostility ; and on one supreme occasion, long ago, a severe test was put upon the sincerity of our mutual personal regard ; but I can now thankfully bear my testimony to the undoubted sincerity of his friendship through all vicissitudes from the beginning to the end.

On his characteristics as an educator or on his opinions as a thinker our judgments may perhaps differ ; but of his noble sincerity as a man no one who knew him well could have any question. The "Fountain of Light" flowed in his soul a clear, unsullied stream throughout his sojourn here.

ADDRESS BY  
MISS LOTTA A. CLARK

This occasion, with its sad significance, carries me back in memory to far-away Germany. There, in the little town of Weimar, in a room below a small chapel, lies all that remains on this earth of the great poets Goethe and Schiller. They rest there side by side, in large wooden caskets, and these are hid with laurel wreaths and flowers, tributes of loving rever-

ence brought there by their admiring countrymen.

It seems to me that to-day we are bringing wreaths of remembrance to a shrine no less honored and beloved. Some may bring them in memory of friendship, comradeship, co-workmanship. I, for the young women who have graduated from this school, bring a wreath of gratitude — of heartfelt gratitude. Words fail to express what it is for which we are to be thankful to Dr. Dunton. We came to him children; we left him young women, each prepared as well as she might be for her work in life. We little guessed what a treasure it was that he had given us; but each year shows us more and more clearly what a rich harvest we may gather from the seed which he sowed, the far-reaching power of the truths which he taught us.

How can we express our thanks for such a gift as this? I lay down my wreath of gratitude in silence.

## MUSIC

<i>Violoncello.</i>	(a) " <i>Consolation</i> "	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	(b) " <i>Adagio</i> "	<i>Beethoven</i>
	<i>Mr. Wulf Fries</i>	

ADDRESS BY  
MR. CHARLES J. LINCOLN

It seems to me more fitting that those who are of the inner circle of this building should be the ones whose tributes to our friend we ought to hear ; for they knew him in that intimacy in which a man most fully reveals, because unconsciously, his real self,— sometimes, it would seem to me, even more fully than he does in his own home. And yet I am glad to lay my little wreath upon the memory of Dr. Dunton.

While I say a few words as a representative of the high schools, there is not much to be said of the relationship of these schools with the Normal School ; for the conditions of our system and of the work of the Normal School have been such that Dr. Dunton's intimate relations have been with the grammar schools. The dawning of a new day in this respect, through the admission of college graduates to the Normal School, begins to appear. But our points of contact came largely at the monthly meetings of the masters, and I shall always carry with me, as I believe most of us will, that picture of our friend sitting at the end of the room at the superintendent's left, in his accustomed chair. There were older and perhaps more venerable men, men of whiter heads and greater age, who sat adown the line ; and yet he always produced on me

the impression of the father of us all sitting at the head of his family. This impression came, I believe, not simply from the striking form, but from the wisdom and breadth of view which often made one feel that he had said the last word. So in accord with the appropriateness of things was it that he who was at the culminating point of our whole corps, who was the head of our highest institution, should also have been one whose wisdom and insight made all to understand that it was the right man in the right place! I believe that this city has been peculiarly fortunate that such a first head master of its Normal School should have been granted these thirty years of service, in order not simply that his own high nature might take root in the institution, but so that it could be said that the Normal School is the incarnation of the spirit of Dr. Dunton.

I have another recollection of our friend, a recollection which is both my admiration and my despair. It is a growth from more than one interview when in search of teachers. The perfect transparency with which he would lay bare a personality before one! When I have risen from an interview with him I have wondered whether there was anything in the inner life of a candidate which he had not known. It was a most useful lesson in practical psychology, an admirable soul analysis. Did he know all the pupils of his school in that way? Has he followed them so minutely

in their later careers and known them in all their successes and their failures? But what a contrast to the usual generalities which one receives when in search of such information! He has all the data for a decision, and if one knows his own conditions he knows whether to accept or reject, and the responsibility is his own. I do not recall an instance where there was not the broadest spirit of helpfulness, the fairest discrimination, and no inclination to urge the claims of his own protégés. But I said this was my despair and my admiration. I should like to know my own pupils as he knew his, that I might be of greater service; but I cannot. Again I say it was the ordering of a good providence, — one of those great good fortunes, the right man in the right place.

Asking some who, in years gone by, had been under his hand to give me some of their impressions of our friend, quickly came from one the reply:

“First of all, the ability to make one see one’s own self. He would bring to the surface and hold up to the light one’s little weaknesses, of which there was only a half consciousness; or little sins or neglects, the possession of which one hardly wished to acknowledge and it was supposed no one else knew.”

Another, wise and strong, said:

“He stands a power at a crisis in my life. I had evaded a plain duty in one way or another

until I finally ran up against his strong nature, and I attempted the same evasion with him; and the reply came simply, 'It is high time you did it.' And all the excusing which had satisfied myself and others failed. There was no discussion with him. 'It is your duty, do it.'"

Another says: "He had a power to make one ashamed of unworthy work."

"His interest in the development of individual character was intense."

"He made one feel the demand for thorough, independent work."

There was with him a "constant demand for earnestness, fidelity, enthusiasm, refinement."

And she speaks of his "just, discriminating criticism of individual pupils." On these I am not competent, and in this presence should not presume, to enlarge. But to the care of this man and his associates there has been no hesitation or fear in committing the graduates of our high schools, with the assurance that every influence would be uplifting and that our own work would meet with a discriminating estimate.

Some of us, too, carry another picture of our friend, as he sat at the social board. Now, not the schoolmaster, but the man, is uppermost. Here he is with a group of twenty or twenty-five kindred spirits, from which in his years of strength he is rarely absent. He enters as heartily into the jesting and the fun as



into the higher themes. He again occupies an end of the table, and becomes one of the centres around which interest gathers. He is full of anecdote and story when the drift is to fun, and he is the man of wisdom when the thought turns to superior things. And yet I cannot recall an occasion when there was one jot of abatement from the high dignity of his profession. I have been accustomed to read him as an excellent admixture of the Puritan and the man of the world. That strenuous youth of which he has so admirably told us, which has been spoken of to-day, and the account of which I would advise any one to read who would know what a boy of the Maine frontier could do and had to do, and the difficulties he had to contend against, left an abiding influence throughout his whole nature ; and this, with those sterner views of life and religion, was as a kind of ballast which he carried with him to the end ; but they were mellowed by the easier conditions of his later life, by the broader outlook which seems to alter the perspective of things both of life and religion.

ADDRESS BY  
MR. LINCOLN OWEN

For six years and more it was my unspeakable privilege to live and labor with Dr. Dunton under terms of the closest intimacy. I wish at the very outset, in this presence, to express

my profound gratitude to Dr. Dunton for all the blessed experiences of those years, which have so abundantly enriched my own life.

I came to know Dr. Dunton intimately, first of all, as the master of this large and important professional school. I very soon found that he was *the* head of the school, that his influence pervaded every department of it, that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the work; and yet understanding his intimate acquaintance with the details of the work and the appropriate methods for all departments of work, and understanding his clear insight into the philosophy of teaching, I found that he was big enough and discriminating enough to allow the beginner full freedom to express his own individuality in his class-room instruction.

Dr. Dunton was intensely loyal to his corps of teachers; he was strongly devoted to this school. Dr. Dunton was intensely loyal and strongly devoted to the teaching fraternity everywhere. It seems to me, however, that, pre-eminently, he was strongly devoted to that organization known as the Boston Masters' Association. So careful and so considerate was he of the welfare of the individual members of that association that those of us who knew him best came to say this: In Dr. Dunton's view the Boston master as such can do no wrong. Now, without attempting at all to discuss the perspective of that position,

there is in it for us all an important, up-to-date lesson for the twentieth century. There is need to-day in all grades of teachers, a strong need, for greater professional courtesy, greater professional charity, and greater mutual helpfulness.

Dr. Dunton was an earnest and profound student of his profession. It was my privilege to read with him some ; I talked with him a great deal. In the summer of 1896 I went with him to the meeting of the National Educational Association at Buffalo. Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, was announced to give an important address upon this topic: "How the Will Combines with the Higher Orders of Knowing." Dr. Dunton and I obtained the address in advance of its delivery. He sat down and went through it carefully in detail several times. He translated it into the terms of his psychology. Then we unanimously agreed that every important position that had been taken by Dr. Harris was adequately provided for in Dr. Dunton's scheme of instruction. Into the later debates of the National Council Dr. Dunton entered with great freedom, great courage, and signal ability. It is my mature judgment that he proved himself the peer of Dr. Hinsdale, President DeGarmo, Dr. Harris, and other lights of the National Council.

In the spring of 1896 Dr. Dunton prepared an important address upon the science of edu-

cation. This was one of the longest addresses he ever prepared, and, in my judgment, it was the best. It contained the essence of his teachings upon the principles of education. I mention these two important public services, as late as 1895 and 1896, that I may centre your thought upon the growing quality of his mind. Dr. Dunton was a student; he was growing, and he continued to grow until that fatal afternoon when he faltered here in the harness. Dr. Dunton was the most skilful and the most consistent user of the inductive method of instruction that I have ever known. He was so clear in his own thinking, and so discriminating in his own statements, that he accepted nothing but clearness from his pupils. An unclear statement was to him evidence of unclear thinking, and the first effort at revision was an effort to revise the thought.

Dr. Dunton was visited in his room a great deal as he taught his classes, and it used to be a matter of regret to him that his visitors so imperfectly understood the aim and purpose of his work. I have many times heard him express this regret, but usually his regret would ultimately dissolve in some such philosophy as this: "However, the visit is worth while if the visitor has learned that pupils develop just in proportion to their own effort."

Dr. Dunton's early training was in that primitive and exacting school of experience which seldom crushes a great spirit, but rather brings

it forward molded, pruned, purified, softened, strengthened. Dr. Dunton's ideals of life and conduct were extremely high. His daily living closely approximated his ideal. The type of his life might be characterized as the appropriate life. He stimulated all who came under his influence to more appropriate living. Long may he continue to inspire us ! Long may he live in our better lives !

## MUSIC

### Hymn

*"Lead, Kindly Light."*

*Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,*

*Lead Thou me on ;*

*The night is dark, and I am far from home,*

*Lead Thou me on ;*

*Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see*

*The distant scene ; one step enough for me.*

*So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still*

*Will lead me on*

*O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till*

*The night is gone,*

*And with the morn those angel faces smile*

*Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.*

## ADDRESS BY

DR. SAMUEL E. COURTNEY

When Mr. Boyden asked me to say a few words at this meeting, I said to him that there were those on the Board who knew Dr.

Dunton better than I, those on the Board who had associated with him longer than I, but, as chairman of the committee on the Normal School, I said it would be a pleasure to add a few words at this time.

I was associated with Dr. Dunton on the Normal School Committee something less than three years. During that time a warm personal friendship developed between Dr. Dunton and myself. Big, whole-souled, noble-hearted man as he was, no one in the position in which I was could associate with him for any length of time unless he learned to love him as I learned to love him. In performing the duty which I had on the Normal School Committee, it was always a pleasure, it was always inspiring, to meet with Dr. Dunton. My first year's association was with Judge Adams, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Fifield, and Mr. Hubbard. Those were the stormy days in the history of this school, and I can never forget the sound, logical talks which he used to give that committee upon this school; and, friends, with Dr. Dunton we always felt that we had a wise, conservative counsellor, and I can say to-day personally that I have never had a better counsellor than Dr. Dunton.

During my short period with him on the Board I spent much time with him. My business being with this school, it called me to be with him, and our time in arranging for the school was pleasantly spent. One thing

I should like to say, and I feel as though it ought to be said at this juncture. The people whom I have the pleasure of representing in this city owe an especial debt of gratitude to Dr. Dunton. It was through his efforts, through his big-heartedness, that one of them was first made a teacher in this city. That we can never forget, because he was a man who lived above conditions. So it is and so it was with Dr. Dunton.

ADDRESS BY  
MISS L. T. MOSES

When, to our human view, a great and good work is finished, it is seemly that those who have most benefited by that work should consider its nature and extent, with the high purpose of making their own lives more useful because of what they have received.

To-day it is our privilege to consider the earthly part of a life so helpful, so far-reaching, so inspiring, that its work will go on as long as we live and as long as those for whom we work shall live; nay, even beyond that. It behooves us to do this for the sake of others; that by our endeavor we can continue his work, his spirit, his power, and so through us his work can go on. Perhaps we can profit most from the consideration of some of the qualities that made this life so valuable to those whom it touched.

Dr. Dunton was always a student, a deep and earnest student. His pleasure was in the study of his profession, and he was only satisfied when he had thought out clearly and to its very elements any subject connected with his work; whether the subject were a method of teaching, or the action of the will in the formation of character, it was necessary for him to go to the very foundation of it.

He was ever a progressive teacher. For years, in order to know the power and character of different pupils, I used to go into Dr. Dunton's classes, and so had the opportunity to know of his growth as a teacher; and till his health was impaired it always seemed that the last work was the best. This was especially true when the subject under discussion touched the vital side of living—a stronger and stronger spiritual grasp was his. In his simple strength he often rose to eloquence. That his teaching moved and inspired to high living you can testify with no uncertain accent.

For this school, which, next to his family, he loved, his plans were constantly progressive. One only need to know its history to see the steady growth of him who planned it. His plans that his school should do a great work for Boston he was prevented from carrying out. How well I remember what they were, and how clearly he had worked



them out! His thought was that a city normal school should come into close contact with every teacher in the city; so he planned and started a series of Saturday morning lessons on various subjects, given by supervisors and teachers who were experts in those subjects. He often said, "Suppose this work could be carried on for ten years; Boston would have such a system of schools as it would be hard to match in the country." But the Normal School idea was not yet rooted in the minds of the powers that were, and so other plans carried the day, and the energy and far-sighted judgment that should have been used for wide benefit to Boston must be used for years in planning and struggling for existence. Are there just now hopeful signs of the dawning of a brighter day when great executive power can be applied to its legitimate work? For us and for all educational work let us hope so.

A man of firmness and sound judgment was our friend. So true was he to his convictions that he was never able to understand how any one could see the right course and follow any other. So his life was strong and consistent. His judgment on any matter was always sound and practical. And his professional insight, — shall I call it? — that sort of professional sense that comes with long and deep study, was always clear and true. I never heard a topic in any way related to

his profession broached that he was not ready to give a clear, practical, and sound judgment concerning it. At one of the meetings of the Normal Council of New England the principal of one of our most successful Massachusetts normal schools remarked after a hot and varied discussion which Dr. Dunton had closed with his usual clear, strong putting of the subject, "However much others may wander, however confused a subject may seem, when Dr. Dunton gets up to speak we know that everything will become clear. There will be nothing to add."

Perhaps his patient helpfulness may seem stronger to me than to you; for I have known its never-failing action over a quarter of a century; have known it in the relation of fellow-teacher, and have seen it exercised towards a score of classes in favor of any individual who asked for it. How often have I heard him go through an explanation of a subject to an inquiring pupil, seen him watch for the brightening look that showed its comprehension, miss it, and patiently go step by step over the work again! Still not comprehended, he would start from a different point of view and come back, or pour in illustration after illustration, till the reward came,—the pupil saw. However busy he was, however long it took, he never let an inquirer go unsatisfied.

Then to us, his teachers, how helpful in every way! By a word, a suggestion, an encouragement, a discussion, in whatever way he could help us, he did it. And when we differed from him in the application of a principle to our own work, how free he left us! Truly, teaching with him was a means of grace to his teachers.

If there were time I could tell of his help, extending over a stretch of more than thirty years, when I went into his school in Bath—a moderately young teacher. I owe much to his patience, much to his helpfulness, much to the inspiration his own teaching gave me, and, with you, I gratefully acknowledge his help.

He was a man always broad and generous in his judgment of others, always generous of his time and strength in giving the advice we so many of us needed, and always generous of his means. Whenever a young teacher fell ill by the way his purse was ready to help. We all understood that when that sort of help was needed Dr. Dunton was never to be left out, and he always doubled the amount we asked for in such cases.

You all know his keen sense of humor. You know the look in the eye which showed it. And I think you know the tender sympathy which is ever its accompaniment. There were many hard places in his work here, many times hopes must be disappointed. He

was so sympathetic that I think any one of us would have gladly relieved him if it had been possible.

Do you remember the tone in which he spoke always of children as the "little folks"? It always seemed to me that his very voice expressed his love for them. He spoke in the same tone of his mother, of the members of his family, whom he loved with a deep and peculiar love. So with you who needed him and who came to him; I am sure you, too, felt, even if you did not formulate it, the tender sympathy of his great loving heart. This was manifested in all his relations with you.

At the last reunion there were sent him by your committee a beautiful bouquet of roses. They came to him as we were gathering here. He enjoyed them every moment of his life. All day Sunday, his last full day on earth, he enjoyed them. Every one who came to him must enjoy them too, and hear that they were sent by his pupils. He kept them by him and enjoyed them till the end came the following day. You see the thought of you went with him to the spiritual world. Such a character, with such qualities, studious, progressive, firm, sound in judgment, patient, helpful, generous, and sympathetic, is for all places and for all times. It is a boon to you and to me and to all who come in contact with it, however remotely. Like

a pebble in the sea, its influence reaches the farthest shores of time,—eternity.

We cannot view such a life and believe it stops with earth. We cannot view such a life and not aspire to make our own lives more useful to others. We cannot view such a life and not reverence it. And reverencing such a human life we will reverence God's life in ourselves. So from this view of our friend we go out more determined to so live and work that God's life in us shall be so far-reaching in its beneficence that our work in its use to others shall be like his,—immortal.

## MUSIC

*Solo. "My Heart Ever Faithful"                      Bach*  
*(with Violoncello obligato)*  
*Miss Gertrude Newman.*

## ADDRESS BY

MRS. EDWARD L. RAND

Most of the pupils who come to the Boston Normal School come at the beginning, I suppose, as we did, with very little conception of the privilege of being a teacher, or of the training necessary to become one. At the most, with a few exceptions, there is some fancy

that it would be a good thing to learn how to teach; but often the motive is to choose a possible and perhaps pleasant way of earning a living. To Dr. Dunton it fell to supply the ideal of the teacher's work and life, so wholly lacking in the minds of most of us, and then day by day to build within us the character, to develop the intellectual life, which should make the toil into which we had idly drifted our chosen work.

How greatly in this quarter of a century of life and work in our community did he raise the standard of the profession of teaching, and how clearly he showed to men and women the dignity and usefulness and joy of service in the profession! Phillips Brooks once said, "It takes a perfect person, with perfect love and perfect faith, to perfectly teach a Sunday-school class." And to Dr. Dunton's mind there was nothing, no power of one's nature, however great, however small, which could not and ought not to be so trained as to feed the stream of the true teacher's life. So strongly did he fill our minds with the spirit of joy in our vocation, and of honor for it, that even the two great disheartening conditions of work in our public schools—the overcrowded classes and the bad air—could not dampen our enthusiasm or make us feel that the teacher's life was other than one of high privilege and great reward.

This power of sending his pupils to their work

with joy was a very great power. It has been said that we do work of any kind better when the heart is high; and surely what is true of all work, however mechanical, is supremely true of work with children. And in this connection I must not fail to speak of the help given by Dr. Dunton when the high heart had sunk very low indeed, and when only belief in God and the knowledge that

*"Tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled"*

could keep up its courage. How many times in earlier years, before the school had grown so large and his duties so manifold, has he personally visited at her work the struggling young teacher, put his finger on the weak point which caused her failure, and helped her to correct her mistakes and to begin over again with a truer courage and far greater skill! How patient and thorough was his consideration of each pupil's needs, and how generous his estimate of their strong points! Notwithstanding his own sound scholarship, his great clearness of mind and marvelous analytical power, he was too wise to feel that strong mentality was the only requisite for the teacher. He saw the womanly, the motherly, in many a one who was slow of mental development, and he gave the right place to the loving heart and faithful will in summing up the value of her equipment. In this, and indeed in his

whole relation to his pupils, his attitude was that of a father, wise, gentle, and dignified. His great kindness and justice were made possible by the fact that he tried to consider each pupil as his child, weighing the difficulties which beset her, and her home circumstances, as well as her character and attainments.

The hours spent in Dr. Dunton's classes were a delight. His teaching was a revelation to us. I well remember during the first psychology lesson which I heard him give, it seemed to our minds that every department of knowledge was related to this great subject. "And lo! Creation widened to man's view." Such teaching was indeed inspiring. Allied to the wonderful analytical power to which I have previously referred was what might be called the dramatic power, which seizes the salient points of a truth or an illustration and fixes them in the hearer's mind. I once heard the principles of good taste in decoration laid down by a well-known architect. He stated that they were the principles of good conversation as well: say what is to be said in the fewest terms; let the subject-matter be interesting; let its expression be direct and to the point; let all other subjects be forgotten till the one on hand is disposed of. These laws Dr. Dunton illustrated in his teaching, and strove to impart to his pupils.

His sense of humor brightened everything and made his classes free from strain, while



his thorough preparation for his work and absolute conscientiousness in the performance of duty were a daily strength to us. It is hard, indeed, to separate the intellectual delight which we had in his teaching from that other delight which his character gave us. Here was a good man, genuine, simple, large-hearted, reverent, just, a lover and seeker of truth. How shall we divide the intellect from the heart and will, or separate what God hath joined together? The influence of all were united in the help which he gave us, and will always give us; and we believe that that great nature, rejoicing in the light and truth which he loved and sought, has "other, greater work to do" in the New Life to which he has been called.

ADDRESS BY  
MR. GEORGE H. MARTIN

I could have wished that the last words for you to listen to this afternoon had been those to which you have just listened, so comprehensive and so gratefully and tenderly appreciative. My own word can add nothing to what you have heard.

At a recent convention of teachers an address was given upon the topic, "The Obligation of the Public School for Inspiration." It seems to me a most significant title. We

are so apt to assume that the supreme obligation of the public school is to furnish knowledge! It is knowledge that we test for, knowledge that we measure and record, knowledge that we reward with prizes and promotion. And yet, when we come to look back upon our own lives, and ask what was the best thing done for us and who did it, we find we are not most grateful, I think, for the knowledge that we were induced to acquire, but for that mysterious something that goes by the name of inspiration. And what is it? What is it to inspire? It is not, I take it, to stimulate, to spur, to give. Is it not rather to awaken interest, to arouse ambition, to kindle enthusiasm, to animate with purpose, to fill with hope and courage? Is it not doing what God did at the beginning when we are told he breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul? It seems to me that that is a vital part of school work. To hold a class of children in subjection and force them to perform their daily tasks is one thing, but to inspire them is another and a different thing. The one is for the school, the other is for life. The one is for the day, the other is for all time. Of two teachers, one of whom only stimulates, even if every pupil in the class graduates with the highest honors, and the other who inspires, if but a single pupil — the second is the teacher. The great Teacher, the Teacher

who men said was sent from God, described his own life and work by saying, I have come to impart knowledge? No, not even of divine truth, though he did that. But, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," more abundantly even than at the beginning.

And if all this is true of the teacher of children, how much more is it true of the teacher of teachers. If they are to inspire they must be themselves inspired. If they are to be sources of life he must be a perpetual spring of life. His enthusiasm, his devotion, must become theirs. It seems to me that in this work it is not by elaborate schemes of psychology, new or old, not by formal systems of pedagogy, not by methods and devices, however philosophical and ingenious, that his best work is done, but rather by the loftiness of his aims, the sincerity of his purpose, the breadth of his sympathy, the fineness of his instinct, the dignity of his professional bearing, the weight of his personality.

For more than twenty-five years Dr. Dunton was a teacher of teachers in this school; and when we undertake to measure his work and his worth, this, it seems to me, is the standard which we must use. Wherever in these schools of Boston, from the lowest to the highest, there is a teacher who, looking back over her life, feels that from him she received a quickening, an uplift, an impulse, which

have made her a source of more abundant life to the children in her charge, there is his most worthy and most enduring monument.

## MUSIC

### *Hymn*

*"Hark! Hark!"*

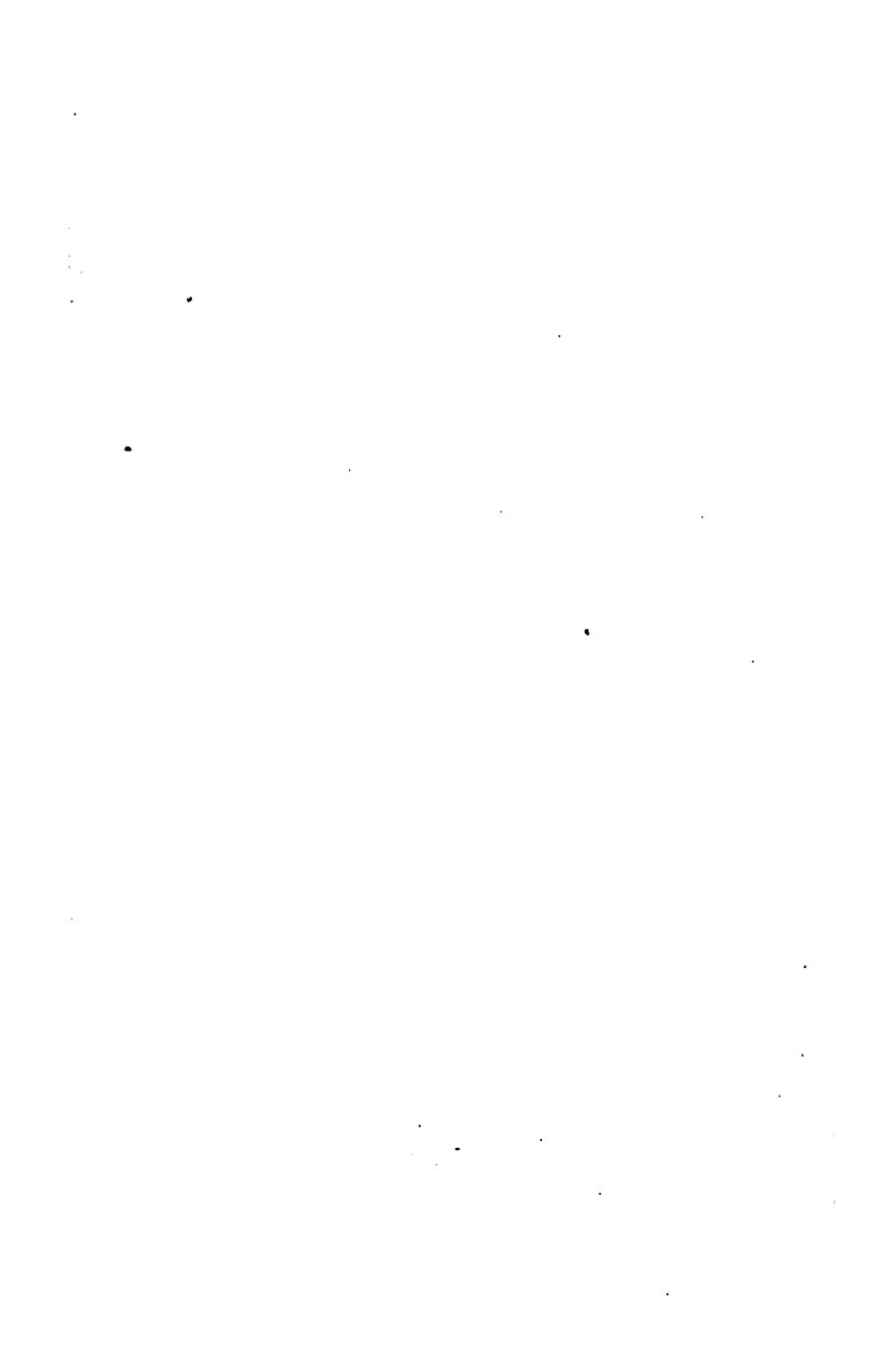
*Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore:*

*How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.*

*Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.*

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